

## Backward Song

### **BACKWARD SONG 5132 B1**

Russ and Joy Pike Visalia, 1941

A long time ago I remember quite well Where alone in a lost tower a maiden did dwell She lived with her mother and father serene Her age was red and her hair was nineteen.

This maid had a lover, I knew him quite well Cross-eyed, hump-backed, and freckled as well She said, Charlie my dear, by the light of the stars You are the eye of my apple you are.

She said, Charlie my dear you must act more wise Or father will scratch out your nails with his eyes And that would truly bring honest disgrace This maiden then covered her hands with her face.

The young man he quickly then flew in a rage He quickly opened the knife of his blade He cut the throat of the maiden so fair And drug her around by the head of her hair.

In came the old man, the door he did bolt, He gazed on his daughter with eyes in his tears He grabbed the young man by the hands with his throat Jerked out a horse pistol he'd raised from a colt.